20th CENTURY STUDIOS

PREDATOR
VERSU
WOLVERINE

PERCY
LASHLEY
DI VITO
SHERMAN

IN ASSOCIATION WITH
MARVEL

PREDATOR
VERSUS
WOLVERINE

For centuries, the **YAUTJA** have hunted the inhabitants of Earth. A sentient, humanoid, extraterrestrial species, they are known for **HUNTING** other dangerous creatures for honor and sport. Capable of **INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL** via starships, they come from a planet with an atmosphere similar to that of Earth's, but their **TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCEMENT** far outstrips that of humans. Using a combination of this advanced technology, including **CLOAKING SYSTEMS** and **PLASMA CANNONS**, and basic weapons, such as spears, blades and nets, the Yautja traditionally claim a trophy from their prey. It takes a remarkable human to outmatch the…

PREDATOR

PREDATOR
VERSUS
WOLVERINE

Born at the end of the nineteenth century, **JAMES HOWLETT** was forced to leave his home when he began to display **MUTANT ABILITIES**: keen, animallike senses, retractable bone claws and a healing factor that gives him an unnaturally long life. Adopting the name **LOGAN**, he wandered the world for years, leaving behind a trail of bloodshed, betrayal and loss. He's been a soldier, a mercenary, an assassin, a spy, and a samurai. Eventually, he became an unwitting test subject in the **WEAPON X** program, during which his bones were coated in unbreakable **ADAMANTIUM**.

At one of his lowest points, he met **PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER**, who invited Logan to join his **X-MEN**—a team of mutants who fight to protect mutants and humans alike. Since then, Logan has been one of Earth's mightiest defenders, the savage super hero known as…

WOLVERINE

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1

CANADA.
PRESENT DAY.
They say I'm the best there is...
...but I sure as @#$% don't feel that way.
Not now.
Now that I'm the hunted.

Now that I'm the prey.

CHOOM
Rock and splintered wood shrapnel my skin.
Deep cuts. Plasma burns. I'm a leaking bag of blood.

That makes me slow to run and easy to track.
When I come to the cliff...
...every nerve in my body is firing a red alert.
Way down below is a river...
...but right behind me comes a watery ripple...
SHIKT
...as his cloaking device powers down.

Because this is the end of a long, long trail.
One that has spanned time and distance.
And in these final moments of the hunt, he wants to be seen.
He wants us to face each other, to recognize each other--as predator and prey--when he rips out my spine.

ALASKA TERRITORY. CIRCA 1900.
At forty below, it took as much time for water to freeze...
KUNCH
...as it took me to raid a beaver lodge.
Never understood the point of traps.
Because I never was good at the whole patience thing.
I could fetch a dollar per hide back then, which I suppose translates to about a hundred today.
Never cared much about the money.
Only took as much as I needed to survive, and this was the kind of work I preferred.
Lonesome work. Woods work.
Work that don't make you think too hard.

And if *killing* was part of it...
...I was particularly good at *that.*
This northern territory was a lawless frontier.
You were on your own.
That suited me fine.
I never worried too much about the subzero winds or avalanches, the pissed-off moose, the charging grizzlies.
It's *people* who concerned me.
ZZZZ
People's why I used this *cave* as my safe.
This was the edge of the map, and that's where folks go to escape trouble and make more.
ZZZ
They always wanted something--money, land, sex, power--and they'd kill to get it.

Alaska might have a thousand ways to kill you, but murder was at the top of the list.
I'd rather stay away from their messy hunger.
Not out of fear, but annoyance and exhaustion.
Because anybody who came after me...
...was going to end up dead.

I could smell a storm coming. So I headed into the outpost called Scar, deep in native Athabascan country.
It was mostly populated by loggers, trappers, miners, and the few women inclined to follow them.
I avoided it, except when I needed money or supplies.
Or a drink.
There he is now.
He's the one you're looking for...
...if you want someone *crazy* enough for the job you're talking about.
Especially with a blizzard on the way.

What'll it be, then?
You know what I want, Nan.
This one's on me.
The next one too, how about?
He's just going to keep at it, so you know.
If that's the case--then how about the bottle?
We'll share it!

Now hold on.
I only want a moment of your time.
You'd be smart to stay clear of me.
And why is that?
Because things are about to get ugly.
Assuming he makes it through the storm, trade representative should be here tomorrow...
...But this one already knows that. This one's always got a big pile of somethings to sell.
CLICK
Where do you keep all your *treasures,* little man?
There's us that wants to know.

KRINSH
KUNCH
KUNCH
Trouble always had a way of finding me.
And at one point or another, I had broken the bones of just about every man in Scar.
SKAK
SKAK
I don't know if they wanted to see if they could beat me...
...or if a part of them wanted to be punished.
AAAIEEE!

I tried not to pop the claws in those days.
SKIK
Last thing I wanted was more hateful attention.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
SHAK

See?! I @#$%#@& told you.
You! You there!
That was remarkable. Remarkable!
You're exactly who I need.
I'm desperate, you see.
It's my *son*. He's been kidnapped.
They're holding him for ransom.
Please. I'm begging you.

KRITCH
SMAK

SLIK
HUFF REE

Tucker said he was a prospector who had made it big.
A crew of rivals had kidnapped his son, hoping for a ransom.
He was supposed to meet them in Scar in a few days' time for the exchange...
...but he had it on good authority they were holed up in the old Groff hunting cabin ten miles north.
Rough country was made rougher by the storm.
But he insisted we carry on.
Maybe that's one of the reasons I said yes.
He wanted his son back desperately.
I've always been-- and I'll always be--kind of raw and messed-up...
...when it comes to that old father-and-son thing.

SNFF SNFF
REEEHUHU
Whoa!
Dammit, no!
REEHHEEEHU
What spooked them?
Do you see something? What's wrong?

It was a slaughterhouse in the woods.
And the Athabascans were among the dead.
My god...
I-it was them, I tell you! It was the men we're after!
It must have been...
They're killers.
They're *monsters!*

The Athabascans were the only folks around here I actually liked.
They taught me how to forage, and I thanked them with the occasional slab of venison or cut of salmon.
They lived in harmony with nature, whereas everybody else seemed to come here to gobble up whatever they could...
...to cut a forest down to sawdust, to tear up the hills and rivers for gold.
To kill and butcher.
Looks like the bad weather's on our side. They haven't posted a watch.
Be swift, my friend. And show no mercy!
SNIKT
SNIKT

Never been good at controlling my temper...
...but back then, rage could *blind* me.
The kidnapped son. The slaughtered Athabascans.
KRINCH
My blood roared through me lava hot.
Where is he?!
Where's the--

BLAM
Where is the boy?
Well, I suppose they're all my boys...in a way.
They were all scamps and orphans like you.
I hired them on to do jobs for me.
Nothing like that nasty bit of business in the woods. That was some enterprising freelancer...
...but I did commission a railroad robbery from them.
The pay car contained twenty thousand in cash and bonds.

But they decided they didn't need me.
So I've decided I no longer need them.
CHOOOM

"They're killers."
"They're monsters."
"They're killers. They're monsters."

SHIK
ACK, ACK!
WEEEZ
ACK.
Whatever you are...
...I'm going to carve the ugly off you.

KRINCH
Hnnngh
SLAK
Hrk.

We were both cut deep.
Caff.
And we both had our own ways of healing.
Hrrk.
SNIK
SHUK
RAAAAAAA!

I was young, but I'd seen more than my share of blood and trouble.
This thing, though, was on another level.
SHOOP
I wasn't one to run from a fight.
But I knew if I was going to win this one...
SKIK

...I needed to move fast...
...and think smart.
Or I'd be just another bloody ornament hung from a tree.
Come on!
Come and get it, you ugly @#$%!

HOURRR

MROAAA
SHINK
MMRRRF
Don't got many smiles in me.
But I might have cracked one then.
Because nothing will make you feel more alive than the taste of death.

I thought that was the end.
There was always some new danger waiting for me...
...so I soon turned my attention to it.
It's easy to forget pain when your wounds heal like dried-up creeks.
What I didn't realize, not until many years later...
...was that this was just the beginning...

...of what would turn out to be the longest hunt of both our miserable lives.
SOUTH AMERICA. MANY YEARS AGO.
When you've lived as long and as hard as I have...
...memories get broken and scrambled.
There are times I can remember as clear as a picture.
There are other times that feel like I'm looking at myself through the wrong end of a telescope.
And there are other times that are gone altogether.
Because of *Professor Thorton.*

Thanks to him, after so many mindwipes, after so much training that honed my nerves to a razor's edge...
...I was less a mutant and more of an arsenal back then...
...as a member of *Team X.*
JACKSON
KRUEL
MAVERICK
SABRETOOTH
WOLVERINE
SNFF SNFF
Am I smelling what you're smelling, runt?
Blood.
Giving me kind of an appetite, gotta say.

Our intel told us a guerrilla force was planning a coup.
A former general was storing weapons and rallying support from a jungle stronghold.
We were supposed to make sure he never came into power.
Everything was sleepy and quiet at dawn.
Once we took out the sentry...
...it would be easy pickings.

Or so we thought.
Something triggered deep inside my brain.
A lost memory...
...of a monster in the woods...
FWMP
...of a first and final hunt.
AAIIIEE!
I might have forgotten about the Yautja boy.
But he had not forgotten about me.

And this time...

...he brought reinforcements.

2

CANADA. NOW.
Don't know how long I been hanging from this cliff.
Maybe ten minutes, maybe an hour.
Long enough that the healing factor is kicking in.
Blood gums up. Nerves fuse. Torn muscles seal.
I needed a beat to recover, because more pain is waiting for me out there.
Below is a fall of two hundred feet or so.
Above me, somewhere, is the hunter who comes from the stars.

He's stubborn, coming at me all these years.
But impatient too.
We've gone head-to-head enough times that I'm going to trust my instincts.
He's moved on, looking for me elsewhere.
KIK
KAK
Hopefully.
@&%# off.

I hear it then...
...the sound he makes.
CHOOM
VEEEEEE
It's like a spider clacking its mandibles together hungrily...
RUMMMBL
...when some prey tangles in its web.

RUMMMM
KRIK
KRIK
KRAK
SHOOSH
SHOOOOM

Water's a weakness of mine.
I'm already weighed down with adamantium.
Make matters worse...
...I've got an avalanche of stone pinning me flat.
My lungs fill with cold, black water and my vision goes red, and for a moment, I lose track of where and when I am...

SOUTH AMERICA.
MANY YEARS AGO.
Team X was a dirty crew that did dirty jobs. Assassinate a politician. Blow up a dam. Seize an oil platform. Take out a cartel.
All in the name of geopolitical subversion.
We came here to stop a coup.
But we found ourselves instead in the middle of a borderless war.
We were already down to four against their five.
What they were, I didn't know. Like everyone else on Team X, my memories were regularly deleted.
But I had carried *this weapon* with me over the years.
It was like a scar...
...a relic of pain I understood the two of us somehow shared.

You want this, don't you?
TINK
Here you @#$% go.
SHK
Creed! Mav! Jackson! Fall back.
BLAM
BLAM
Fall back? How about *fire* away?
This isn't going to be a firefight, Maverick.

I said fall back, Sabretooth!
@#$% that.
Any other day, I'd run headfirst into whatever trouble came my way.
But I needed a beat to dig in and think this one out.
BRAKKAKAK
An invisible enemy--one you only know halfway and can't see altogether--requires a different sort of strategy...
BRAKKAKAKA

...than the standard hack-and-blast operations Team X specialized in.
WHRRRR
Well? Are you dead, you @#%&$?
Or are you hiding?
SHAK
Hrrrn.

Come here for a closer look.
SHUNK
There. I see you.
Creed's down!
But he took one of them with him!
What are they, Logan?
Don't know.

Your weapon-- it was somehow in tune with that thing's gauntlet. How?
I don't @#&% remember, okay? That memory's gone. Must have gotten deleted and scrambled like everything else in my stupid head.
Does it even matter? They're one more thing we gotta kill. Just--
Hurk!
Jackson?

Where is she? Where the @#&$ did she--
WUFF
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
Cut her head clean off...
ZEEP
Oh $#%&.

KROOM
Move
=koff=
Now.
Hrrrn.
Can't.
Walk.
SHAK
Missed your femoral artery by an inch.
So you got--

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
Lucky?

Hold on tight...
...and keep your finger on the trigger.
We're going for cover...
...and digging in like an Alabama tick.

"What are they, Logan?"
"Don't know."
"I don't @#&% remember, okay?"
"Does it even matter?
"They're one more thing we gotta kill."
SNIKT

How you holding up, Mav?
Down. *Hrk.*
Put me down.
Looks like the soldiers were using this temple for storage.
The general was ready to go to--
SNIKT
SNIKT
--war?
Sí. I was.
I *am.*

I know why you're here.
Then why didn't you shoot?
Because we're not enemies...
...so long as those *things* are out there.
They cut through my men like machetes through grass.
I don't know what they are. I don't know why they're here.
I only know this is a bigger threat than any of us have ever faced.
We live or we die together.
Comprende?
SNAKT
All right.
But we do this my way.

<It's been an hour...>*
<What do you think?>
*translated from Spanish
<You think maybe they left?>
<You think maybe they won't-->
CHOOOM
When you've lived as long as I have, when you've fought for enough countries and causes...
BUDDA
BUDDA
...you realize good and evil are rare extremes...
BUDDA BUDDA
...and we're mostly all a blender of both.
BUDDA BUDDA
The general and I were both caught up in the war machine that never seemed to idle.
SHIK

It just moved its bloody thresher and grinding gears from one part of the planet to another.
Politics are muddy, but this situation was perfectly clear.
These @#$% didn't want money or power.
They didn't acknowledge borders or laws.
There would be no negotiation that one day led to peace.
We were animals to them.
That united us.
In the pre-Columbian era, the Maya would engage in ritual sacrifice...

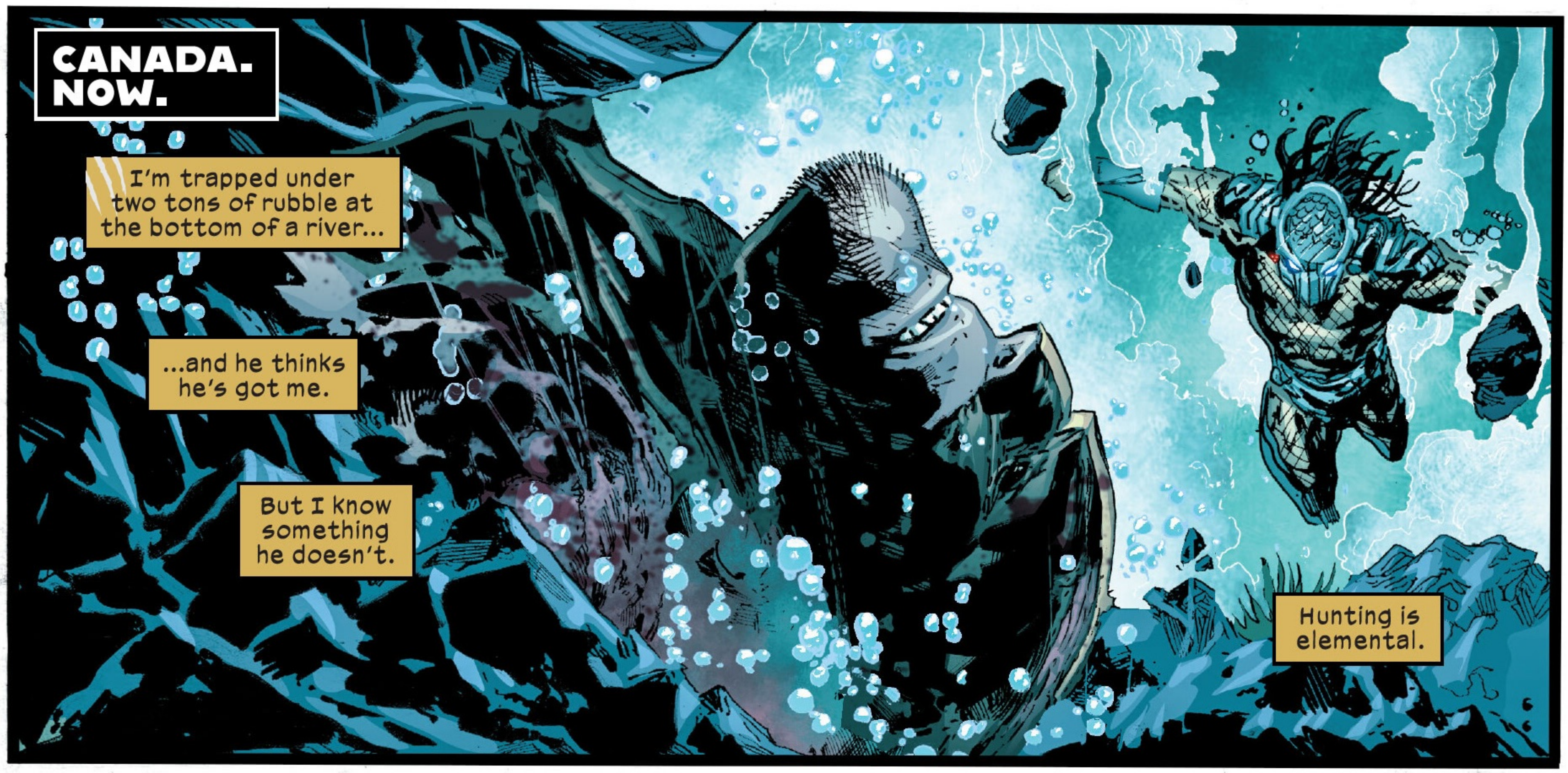
...to nourish the old gods and goddesses.
ZEEP ZEEP
In that same spirit...
ZEEP
ZEEP
ZEEP
ZEEP
...we fed them blood that day.
KRADOOM

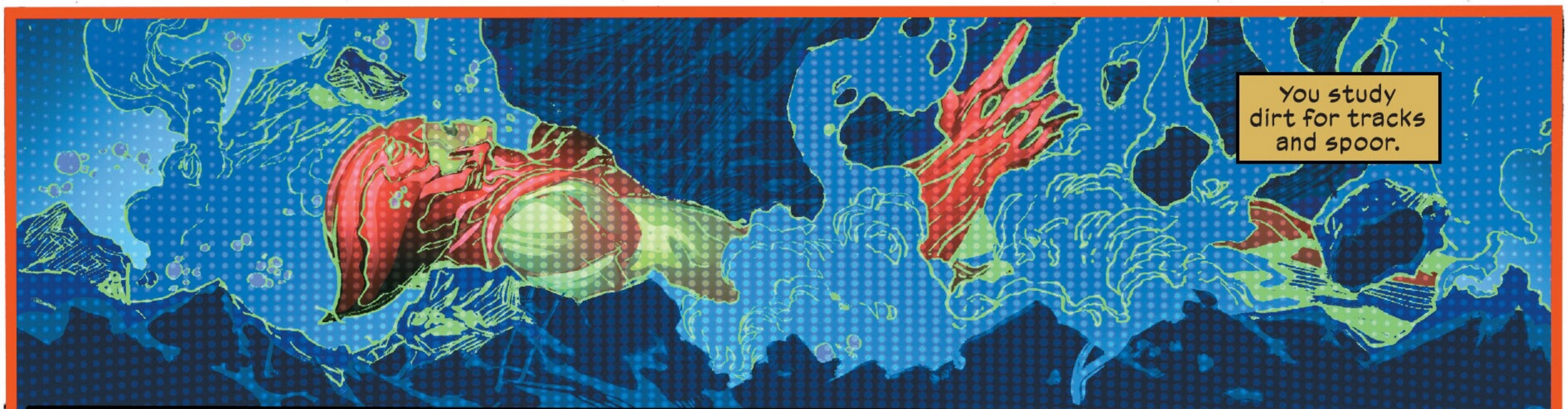
After setting up the trap, we slipped out a side entrance.
Professor Thorton wanted a death receipt on the general.
But I assured him everyone and everything was dead down there.
Nothing could have survived that.
KRIKIK
DI VITO

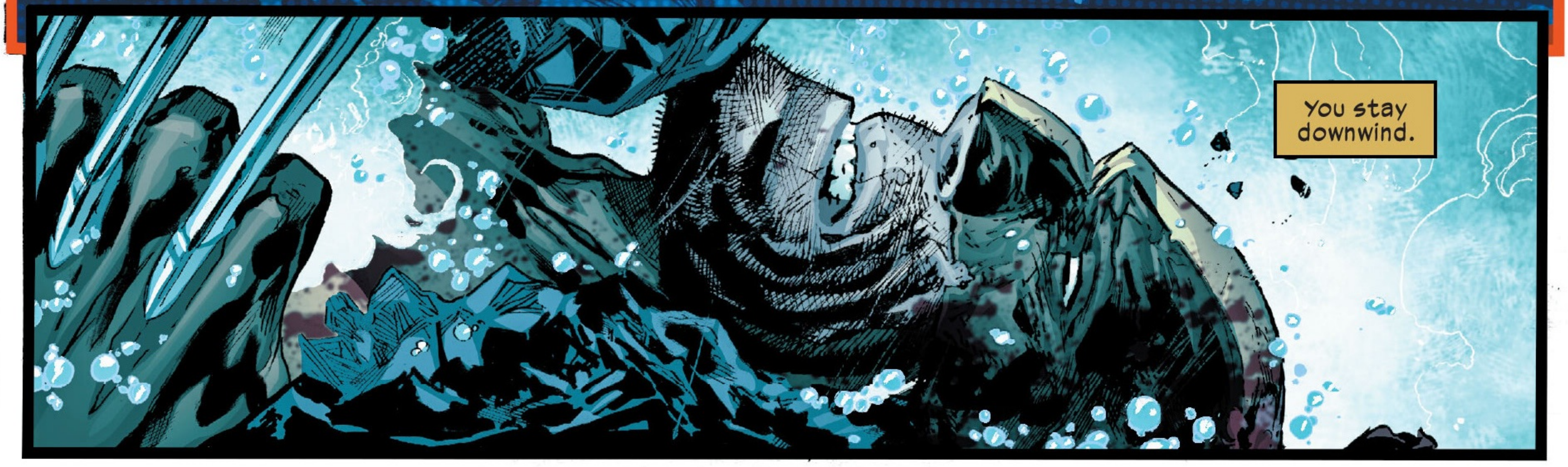
ALBERTA, CANADA. WEAPON X FACILITY. YEARS LATER.
KAK KAK
KAK KAK
KAK
Huh.
Wonder what spooked--
Gaak!
SPSSSS
SSSSS

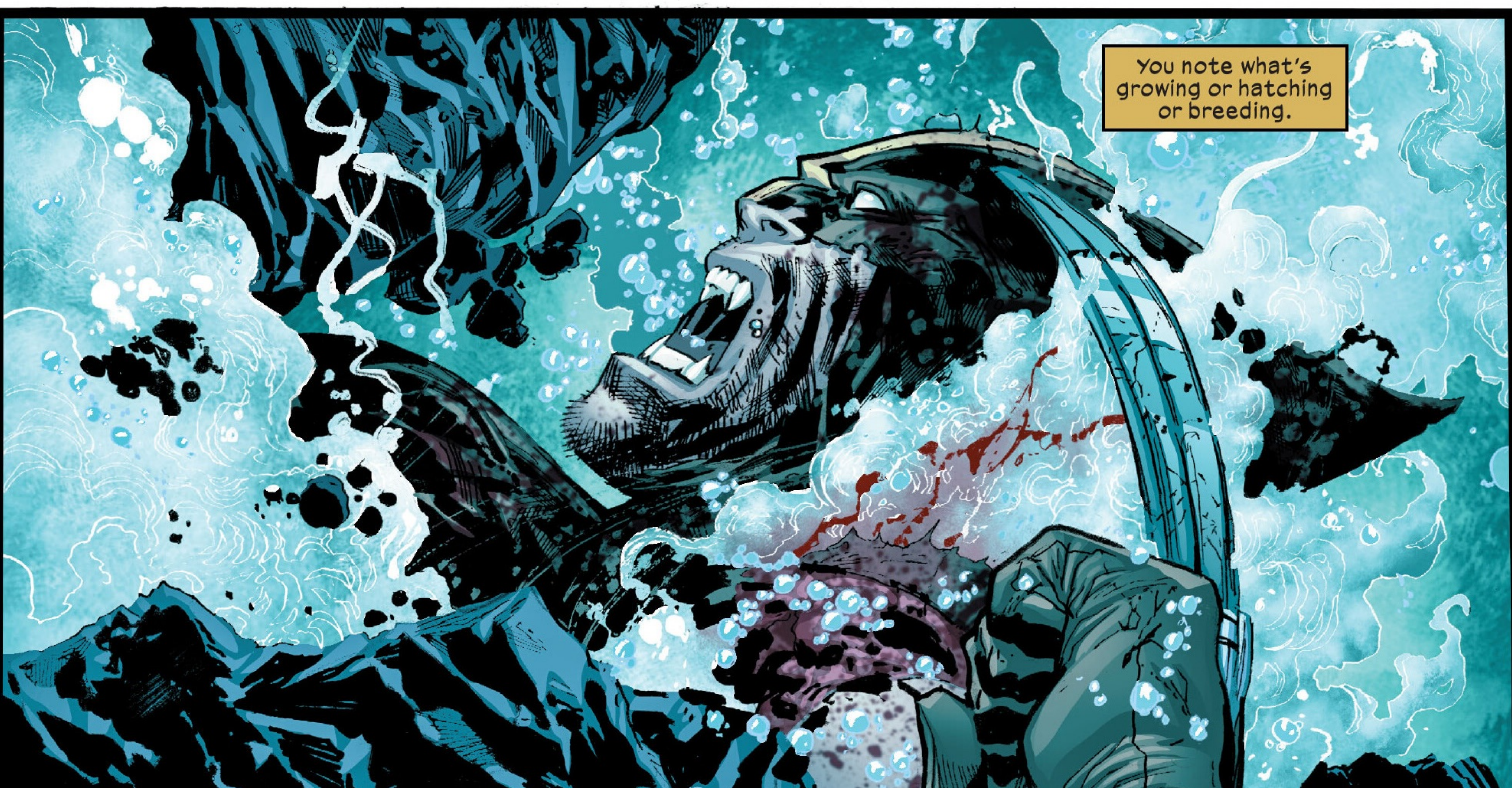
What the hell is that thing?
I don't know. But imagine if it was *ours.* Imagine what we could do with--
DOOOOM

3


CANADA. NOW.
I'm trapped under two tons of rubble at the bottom of a river...
...and he thinks he's got me.
But I know something he doesn't.
Hunting is elemental.


You study dirt for tracks and spoor.


You stay downwind.


You note what's growing or hatching or breeding.

You know where to find water and shelter.
It's not about the gear.
You ever come across those trophy hunters who drop twenty grand to kill a grizzly or a lion with their laser sights and multi-caliber sniper rifles?
You know they don't really know what they're doing.

The fancier the tech, the cockier you get...
...and the more detached you are from the musk and bloodbeat of the thing you want dead.
In the right hands, the same job could be done with a simple blade.
Or three.

WEAPON X FACILITY.
THE PAST.
ADAMANTIUM DENSITY SCAN
78-2112486.6-24559562 / 459100481013468:REF-1
I don't remember much about my time with Weapon X.
ADAMANTIUM DENSITY SCAN
Flashes, like a short-circuiting TV plugged into my eyes.
SHIK
My body--and my mind--did not belong to me.

They had zeroed me out...
...and filled me up with adamantium...
...so that I was nothing more than a blade sheathed in meat.
I had no moral code. I had no intelligent thought.
I only knew how to hurt.
SNIKT

So the Yautja had found me at my most dangerous...
SHRK
...and at my most vulnerable.
This hunt began for simple reasons.
I was a challenging prey.
SPTSSSSS
Then things grew more complicated, as he was driven by pride and revenge.
HARRRR!
SSPSSSSSS

But that day in the Weapon X lab, I think our story took on a whole other level of meaning.
SPPSsss
When he understood my skeleton was sleeved in adamantium...
...I became the *ultimate trophy.*

What little I know of this time...
...I've learned by playing detective...
...patching together surveillance footage...
...recorded phone calls...
...mission reports.
If the government is good at anything, it's stacking up reams of bureaucratic records.

But there are some things beyond their reach and reckoning.

We were both in a bad way.
But things were about to get much worse.
Weapon X was a joint project of the U.S. and Canadian governments.
It might have been a shadow organization.
But when you've got billions of dollars sunk into a project...
...when you're a war machine employed by the geopolitical theater...
ZEEP
...a breach of security is a global emergency.
They didn't know who the Yautja was...
KROOOM

...but he'd royally pissed them off.
Control, this is Schwartz.
The bogey's not responding to our hails, but we just gave him a wake-up call with a hardpoint.
Please advise. Over.
Schwartz, this is Control.
Keep those birds alert, but do not otherwise engage unless that bogey flies.
We're scrambling ground crew.
We believe there's an asset on board worth more than a fleet of F-16s.
I don't know what the hell kind of vessel this is, Control. But it's on the move.
Permission to fire?!

KROOOM
We lost Weathers!
I repeat, Weathers is down!
Schwartz, this is Control. Please advise on its flight path so we can arrange an intercept.
Is it headed east? Northeast? Is this a Russian or Chinese operation?
I said it's headed #$@% up!
Up!
What did you say?
As in, it's headed for the @#$% moon!
Fire at will.
SHP
SHP
SHP
SHP

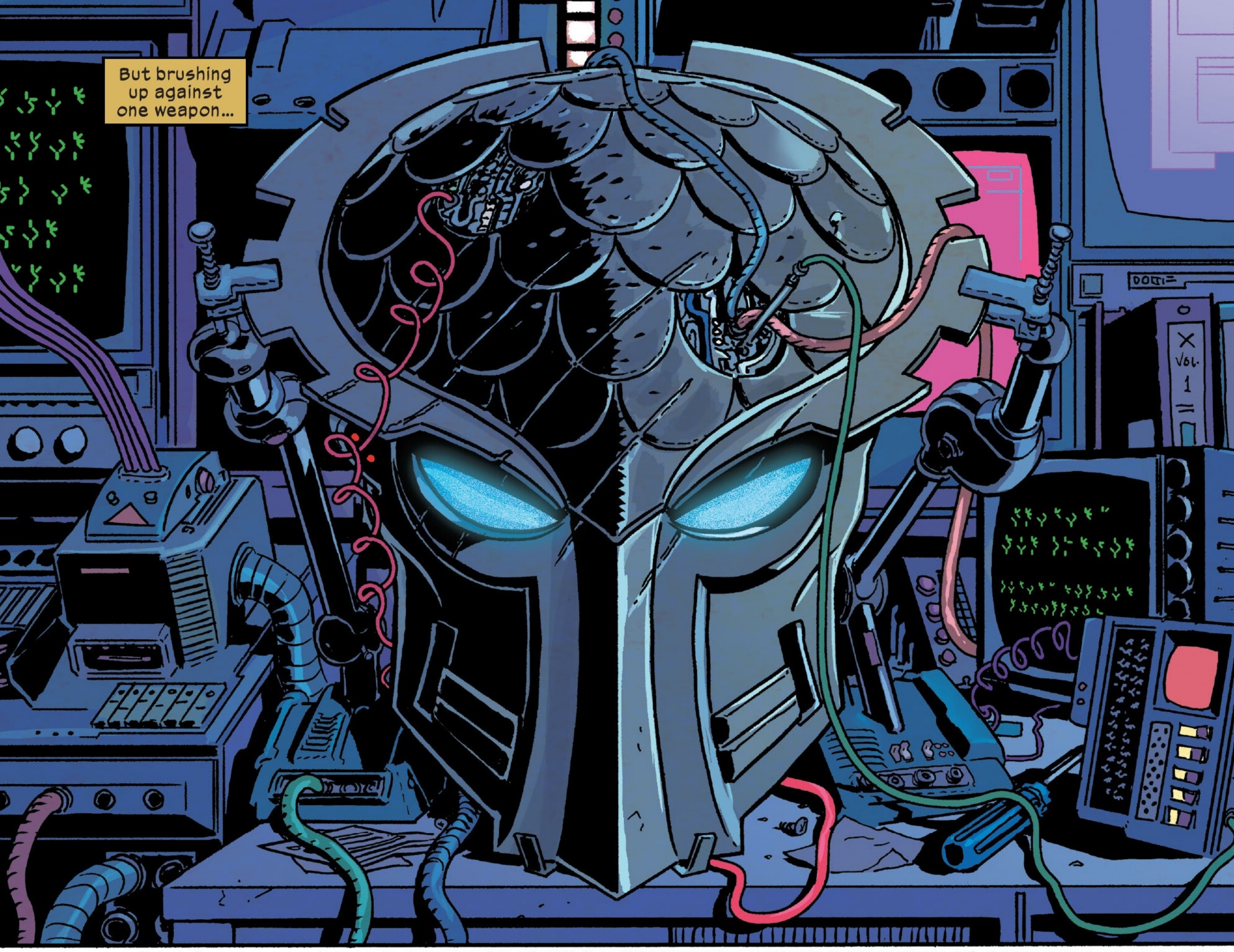
Rage.
Berserker rage.
RURRRRGH...
That was my default emotion.
THOOM
Target hit. But it's not enough.
Turning back at 70,000 feet.
The mission report says the hull wasn't breached by a missile strike.
SHK

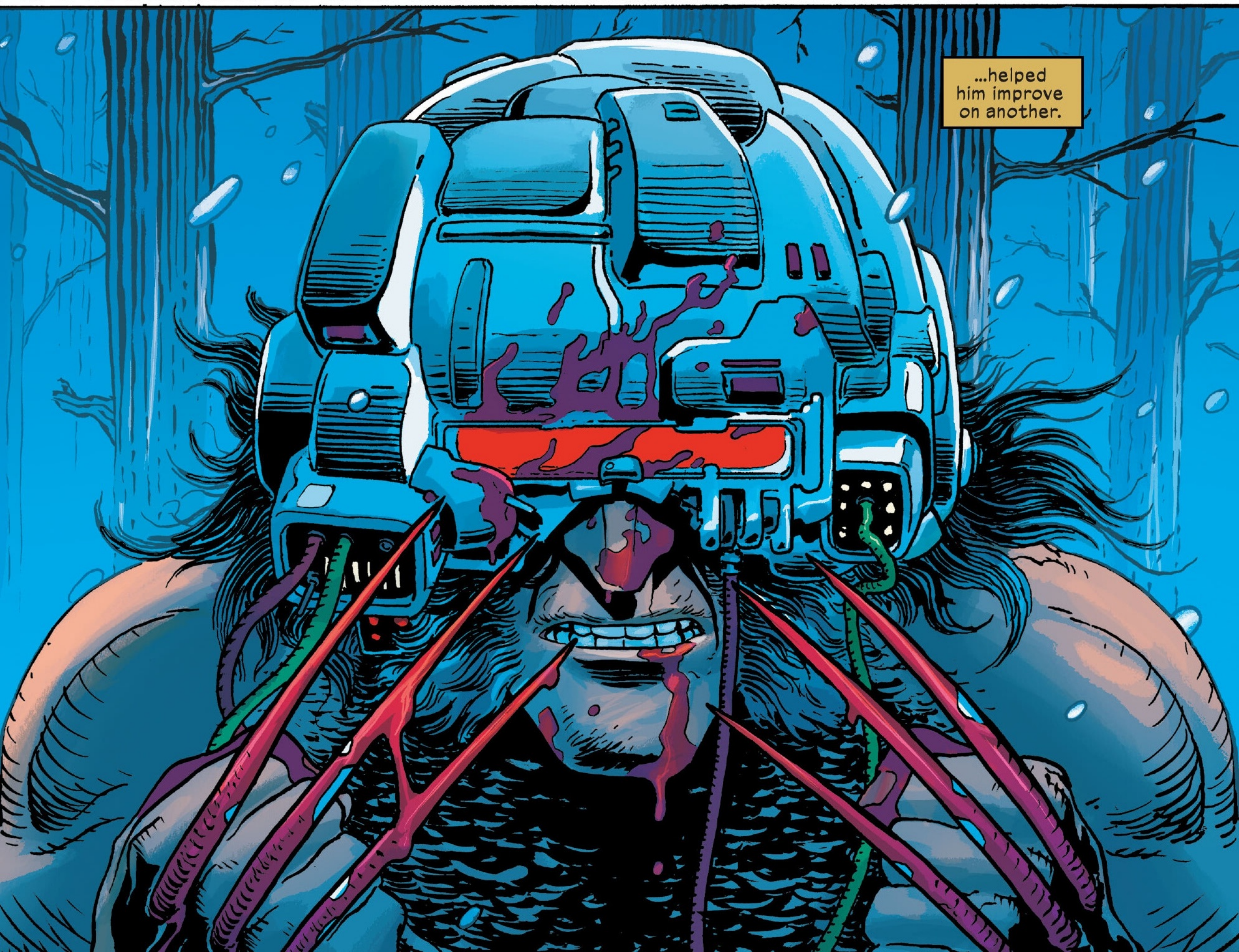
So I can only assume I was to blame for it.
REEEP
REEEP
The blast probably provoked me...
...like a stone striking a hornet's nest.
I would have been ripped out of the ship...
...and into the void.

Control... the bogey is off radar and out of my sight.
I believe it's left the atmosphere.
But... I've got eyes on something.
What is it, Schwartz? Report.
I...I can't say except it came off the ship.
I'll pass along the coordinates of the impact site.

But whatever it is...
...there's not going to be much of it left.

Whatever weapons Professor Thorton built in this world...
...could not compare to the horrifying advancements of space.


But brushing up against one weapon...
X VOL. 1


...helped him improve on another.

ONE WEEK AGO.
Spent a lot of time trying to figure out my broken history.
My skin might be clean of injury, but my brain is a gummed-up mess of scar tissue from mindwipes and memory plants.
Sometimes, I go back to places half-remembered or forgotten entirely. To try to shake loose some rust.
That includes the ruins of the Weapon X lab.
In a lead-lined vault, in a lead-lined container...
...I found this.

I figured, if I unshelled it, it would only be a matter of time.
He would come.
And this time, I would set the terms of our engagement.
We would end this hunt where it began.
In the wild North.
Where the only law is that of tooth and claw.

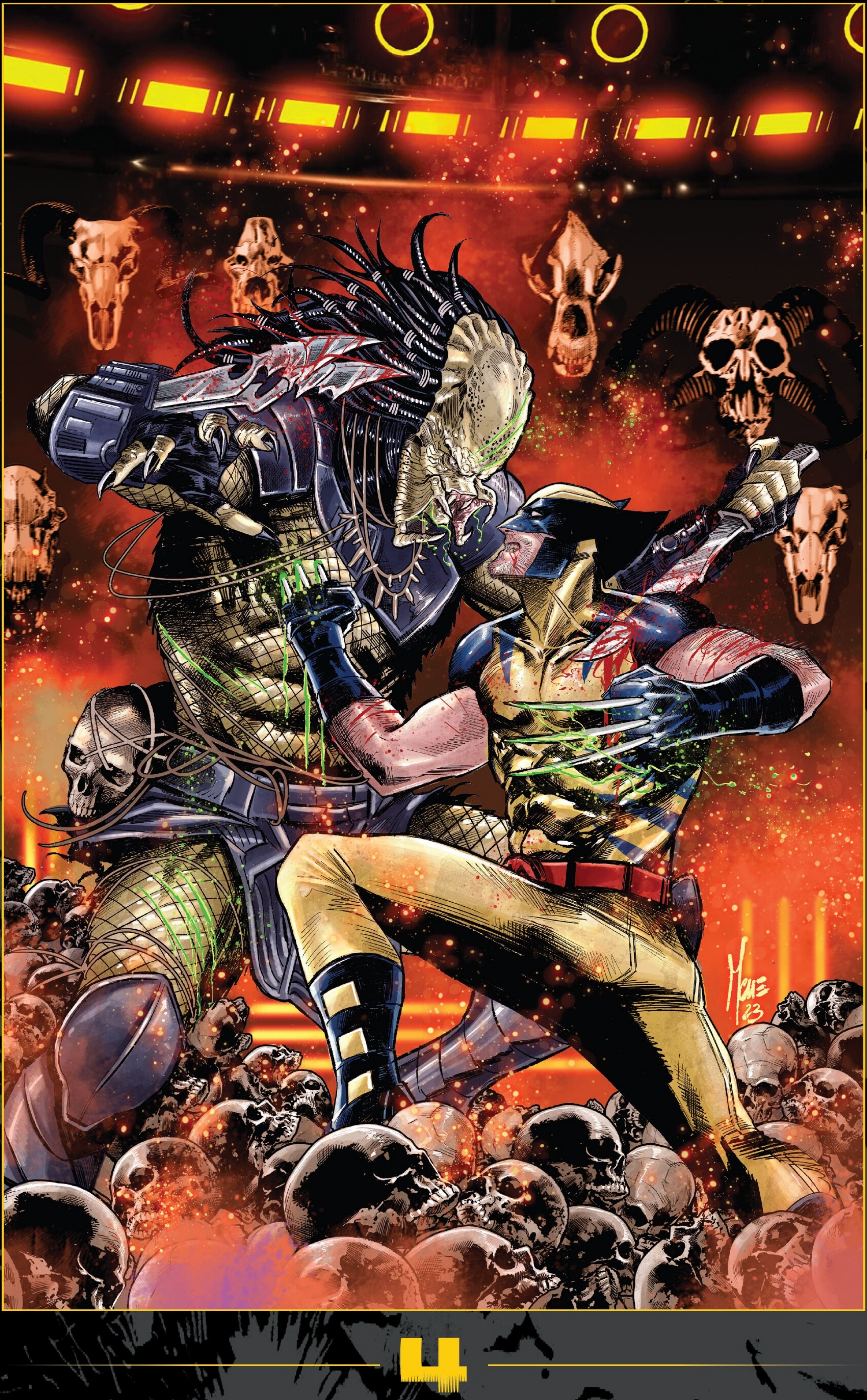
JAPAN. MURAMASA'S ESTATE. THE PAST.
I've never known peace.
But in Japan, I got right up to the edge of it.
Maybe it sounds like a bunch of hippie nonsense...
...but I've never felt as much of a connection between my mind, body, and the earth...
...as when I studied under the madman swordsmith *Muramasa*.

Muramasa was known as the greatest swordsmith in the world.
CHING
His method was based on constant refinement.
KLING
The Japanese steel, tamahagane, is heated and purified and forged and coated and curved and polished...
...a process that demanded impossible patience.
To him, I was ore.

it might take years to remove all the impurities and burrs and warped edges...
...but he believed it would be worth it.
He believed that one day I would become his strongest sword.
But that day was a long way off.

You're good, Wolverine.
But you're not *the best* there is.
Not until you can beat this old man.
That's only because you won't let me use my claws.
When the day comes you can best me with a sword alone...
...you'll be able to fight ten men or a hundred men and...
...
What's wrong?
You have been my student for a long time, Logan-san.
SNIKT

But today, we fight together.
I had changed, several times over, since the time we first met.
And the Yautja had adapted as well.



4

PRESENT DAY. CANADA.
I staked the helmet in the meadow like a bait station next to a deer stand.
I waited a week.
And then he came.
He would never stop coming--until my head was his.
SNIKT

Of course he knew it was an ambush.
I was counting on that.
I set up an obvious, rudimentary trap.
Just enough to give him some sense of danger...
...and confidence in avoiding it.
KRAKAKOOM

I needed to get hit.
HARRR!
I needed my blood on the ground.
Because once he got a taste of it...

...and once he got a hold of that helmet...
FWOOSH
...he'd think he'd already won.
Suppose I could have rigged the helmet.
CHOOM
Poisoned the air filter.
Hrrn.

Nested it with a bomb.
But over and over again, *technology* has been the yautja's failing.
He surrounded himself with it, just like he surrounded himself with trophies...
...like a boast or compensation or some $#%&.
To feel right about taking him down...
THUK
...I needed to prove that I was deadlier than the death he wore.

JAPAN. MURAMASA'S ESTATE. THE PAST.
Little help would be nice, Muramasa.
SHIK
This is not my enemy.
SHING
If I help you, it will be like the parent who does a child's chores or schoolwork when they whine.
You will never learn.
Scraw!
#%@&!

Someone is going to die today!
Let us see who is the better student.
This...*thing* has clearly been studying. Your *claws,* your *fighting style*-- and the *martial arts.*
I'm detecting everything from Shōrin-riyū to Brazilian jiujitsu.
If you die, I'll forge your soul into a sword.
And if this thing dies, it will make a worthy substitute.
Either way, I'll be entertained!
...Hrrgh...
But remember, Logan-san. If you truly want to know you're the best...
...keep your claws and your anger sheathed.

Sometimes a smell in a cabinet or a song on the radio can bring back a lost memory.
The sight of the bear-skull helmet and those claws...it blew some of the dust out of my skull.
I remember the hibernating grizzly.
I remember luring the young yautja into that cave.
That armor--that *regalia* of his--it's a *statement.*
No different than the Comanches wearing war paint or the berserkers draping themselves in wolf pelts.
He's been waiting all this time in the cold black cave of space...
FWASH
...and he's rising up now to pull me into his jaws...
...and finish things as they began.
CHOOOM

@#%& this.
We're doing things my way!
SNIKT
SNIKT
Come on! Let's go! Claw to claw!
SNAK
SNAK
The @#$&-- you going to hide?
Get back here! Don't you run away from me!
Logan-san...
...that thing was not running away from you.

He didn't come here to fight me any more than he came here to fight your enemies.
I'm sure you two will meet again...
...assuming we survive *the Hand!*

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK. THE PAST.
My enemies saved me in Japan.
XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS
But it was my friends who trapped me in New York.
XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS
SNIFF SNIFF
Wolverine...
...you missed dinner with the students. Again.
Sorry, Chuck. Got to make my rounds.
I'm not exaggerating when I say they spend half the meal looking at your empty chair. Especially Kitty and Kurt.
They're better off with me out here.
Couldn't you take a night off? From keeping us all safe?

KRAKADOOM
I got a long trail of bodies behind me.
Most are enemies. Some are friends.
My skin don't scar, but my heart sure does.
Unnnh.
I try not to get close to anybody...
...I try not to call anyplace home for long...
...because death always finds me.

KOOM
KOOM
KOOM
KOOM
I stupidly let myself believe Westchester was an exception.
Logan, what's happening?!
We're under attack. Get the professor someplace safe.
Where are you going?
Those missiles hit the upper floors.
That's where the kids'll be.

Head downstairs! Do not go outside!
Anybody up here?
Kitty!
Kitty, you okay?
Mmmh.
Logan...
Look out!

FWISH
DZZZT
Nggh.
BAMF
Kurt... No...
Go away.
Excellent suggestion.
BAMF
SHK

Dammit, Elf.
Stay the @#$% out of this!
That goes for all of you!
Keep away from me!

But, Logan...
BAMF
...you don't have to do this alone.
I don't want your help, Nightcrawler.
This just proves what I always knew.
I shouldn't be here.
Logan!
Rogue?! That you?!
Logan, what should I do?

Nothing.
You should do nothing.
SNAKT
I can touch him. If I take off my gloves and touch him, I can--
NO!
You've got me, okay?
Just don't hurt her.
Don't hurt anyone else.
You've got me.
THUNK

I hadn't given up.
But I'd given up fighting him here.
We could take this to the stars, as far away from these kids as possible.
Hey, bub.
SNIKT
SNIKT
You sure you got the right guy?
I'm double the trouble.
Dani! You shouldn't have-- *nngh.*
Ack-- ack!
You shouldn't have come.
Guten tag!
BAMF
SPFFFF

BAMF
You're supposed to study your prey for *weaknesses* and *vulnerabilities*.
Hargh!
A soft underbelly. A nest of eggs.
The yautja had found mine.
It was the friends--and chosen family--I had found among the X-Men.
Scraw?!
But they also turned out to be my strength.
The yautja managed to cloak himself and scramble back to his ship.
But I couldn't let something like that happen again.

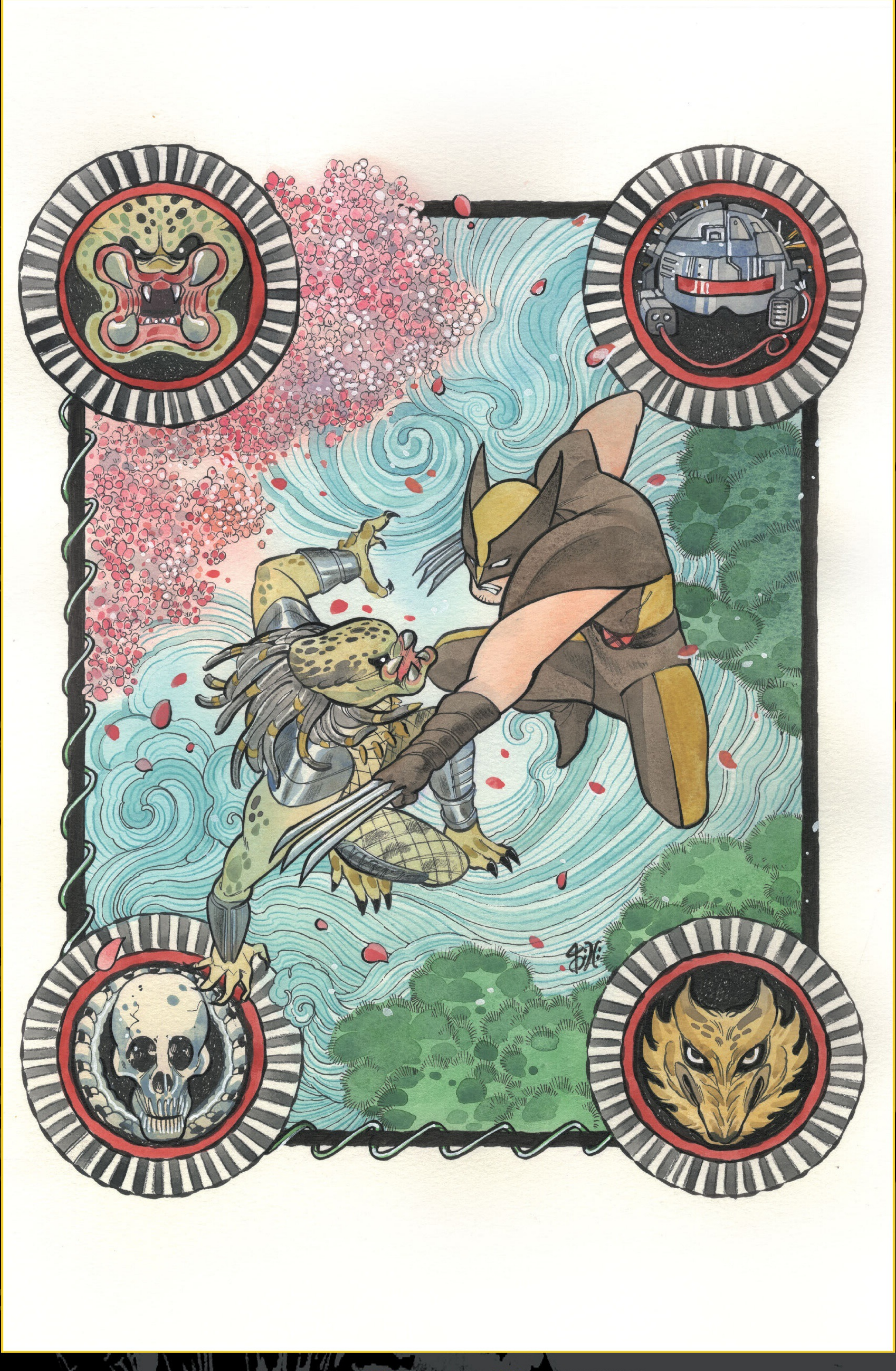
PRESENT DAY. CANADA.
So I lured him back to a place where it would just be the two of us.
The river is where I would make my last stand.
The good mud waited for us here.
A dog can smell 100,000 times better than a human.
Bees can see ultraviolet light. Birds can sense magnetic fields.
I'd observed the yautja long enough to know he registered heat signatures.
The mud was my primitive version of a cloaking device.
I gave him a blind eye.

When I leaped down on him then...
...it was with the gravity of a hundred years of war.
I admired him as much as I hated him.
SHIK
SHAK
I imagine the feeling was mutual.
DZ
ZZT
He cooked me with a few thousand volts...
...and whipped out what looked like a ceremonial dagger to finish the job.

I let him make a sheath of me.
We would end this eye to eye…
…tasting the blood in each other's breath.
For a fatal moment, we were one and the same.
I thought that was the end.
But he refused to die on my terms.
I didn't recognize the numbers, but I knew a countdown when I saw one.

He was going to get that trophy, even if he claimed it in his grave.
But here's the thing about desire.
Once you get what you want, you realize that wanting was the real pleasure.
So in those final bloody seconds, when the hunt finally ended...
...I hope he felt a century of disappointment slam into his heart.
KROOOOM

Not sure how many days passed...
...but when I finally pulled myself out of that smoking crater, I felt like a lit cigar crushed out in an ashtray.
There was an emptiness inside me.
Took me a while to realize where it came from.
I missed having him out there.
Nothing makes you feel more alive than a gun pressed to your temple or the cold lick of a knife at your neck.
So I was going to be a little deader every day I lived without him coming for me.
At least he left me a dangerous trophy.
I see my reflection in its blade.
I'll remember its keen edge every day of my damned life.
END.



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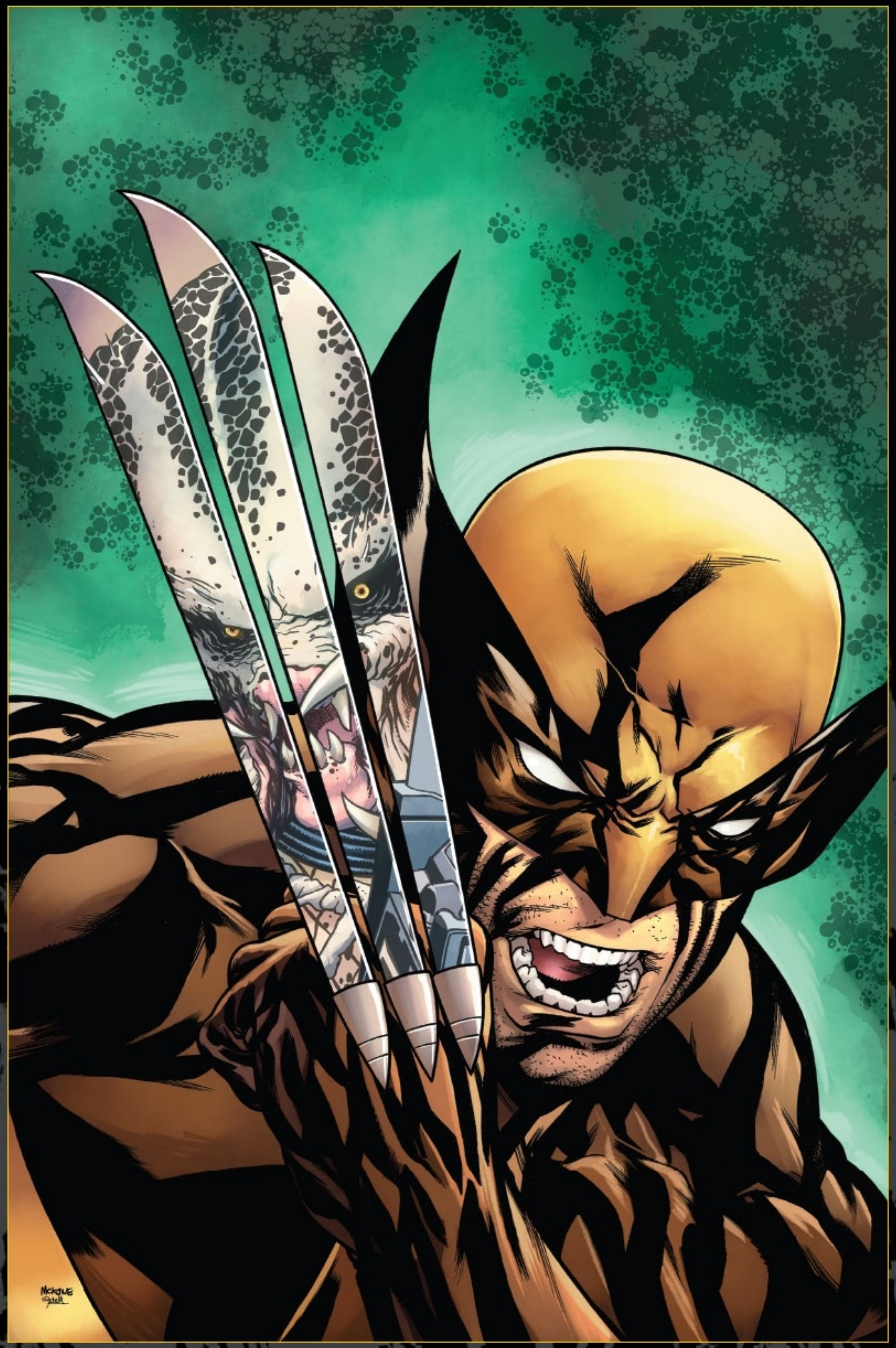

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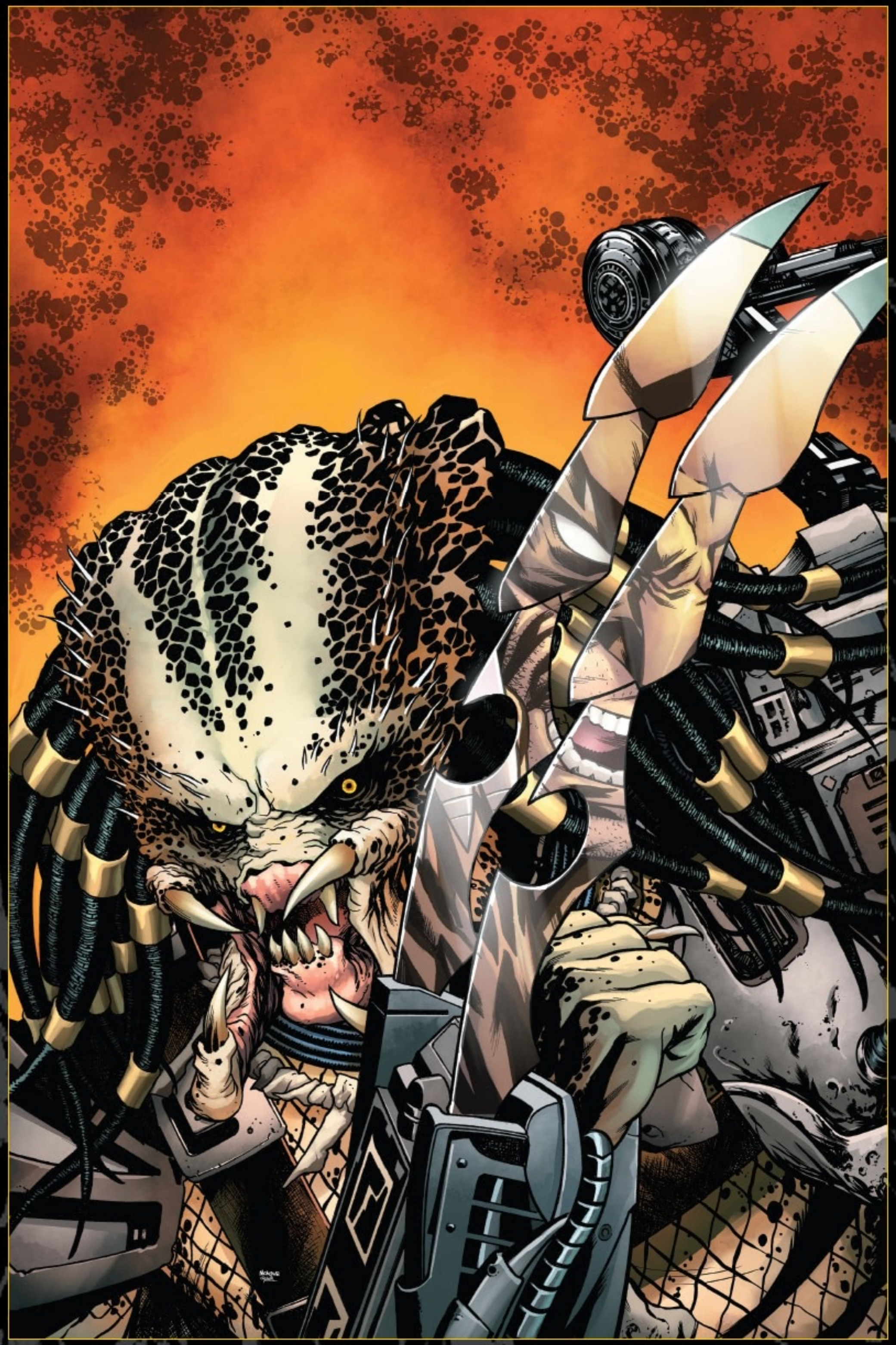

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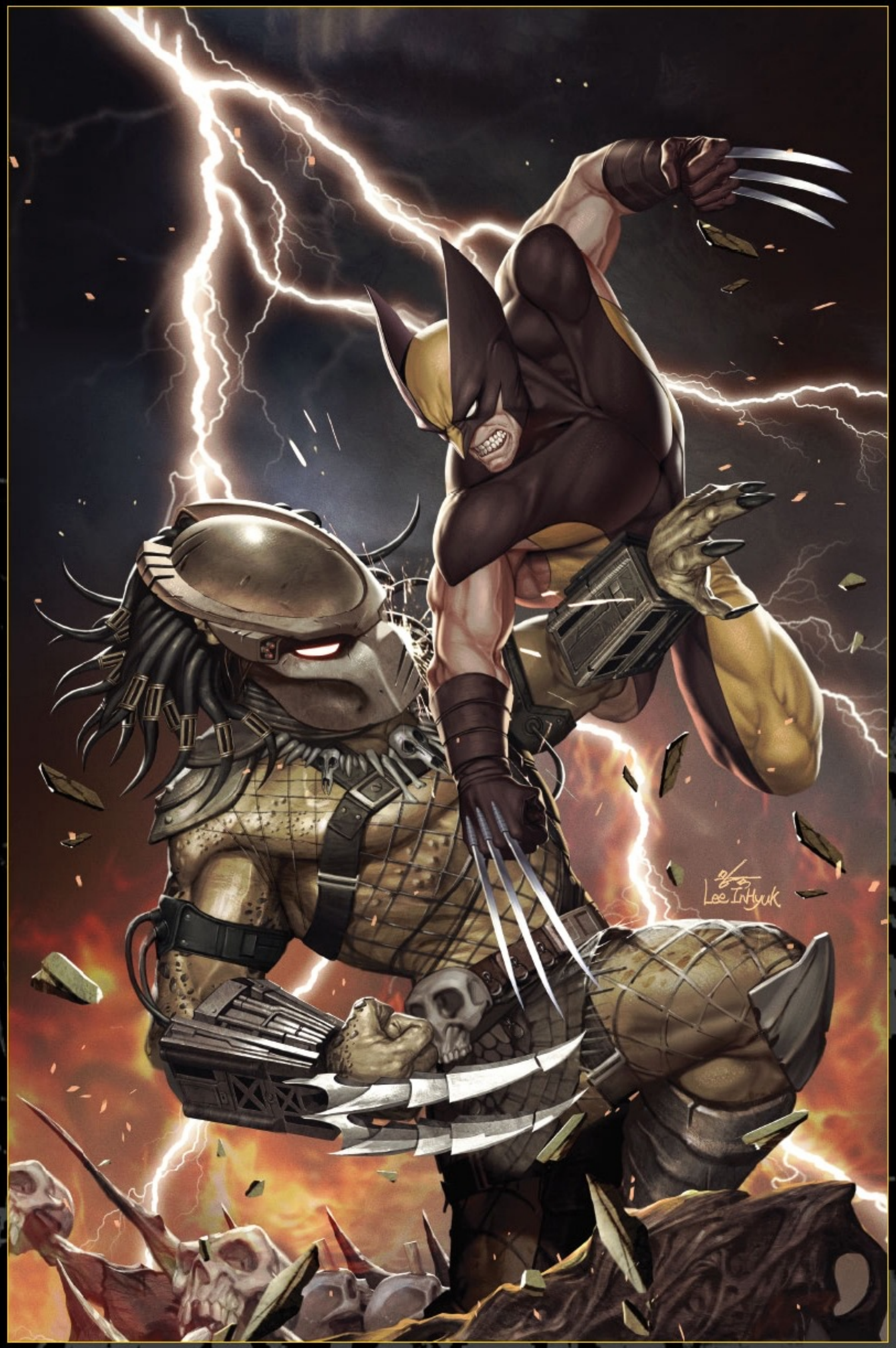

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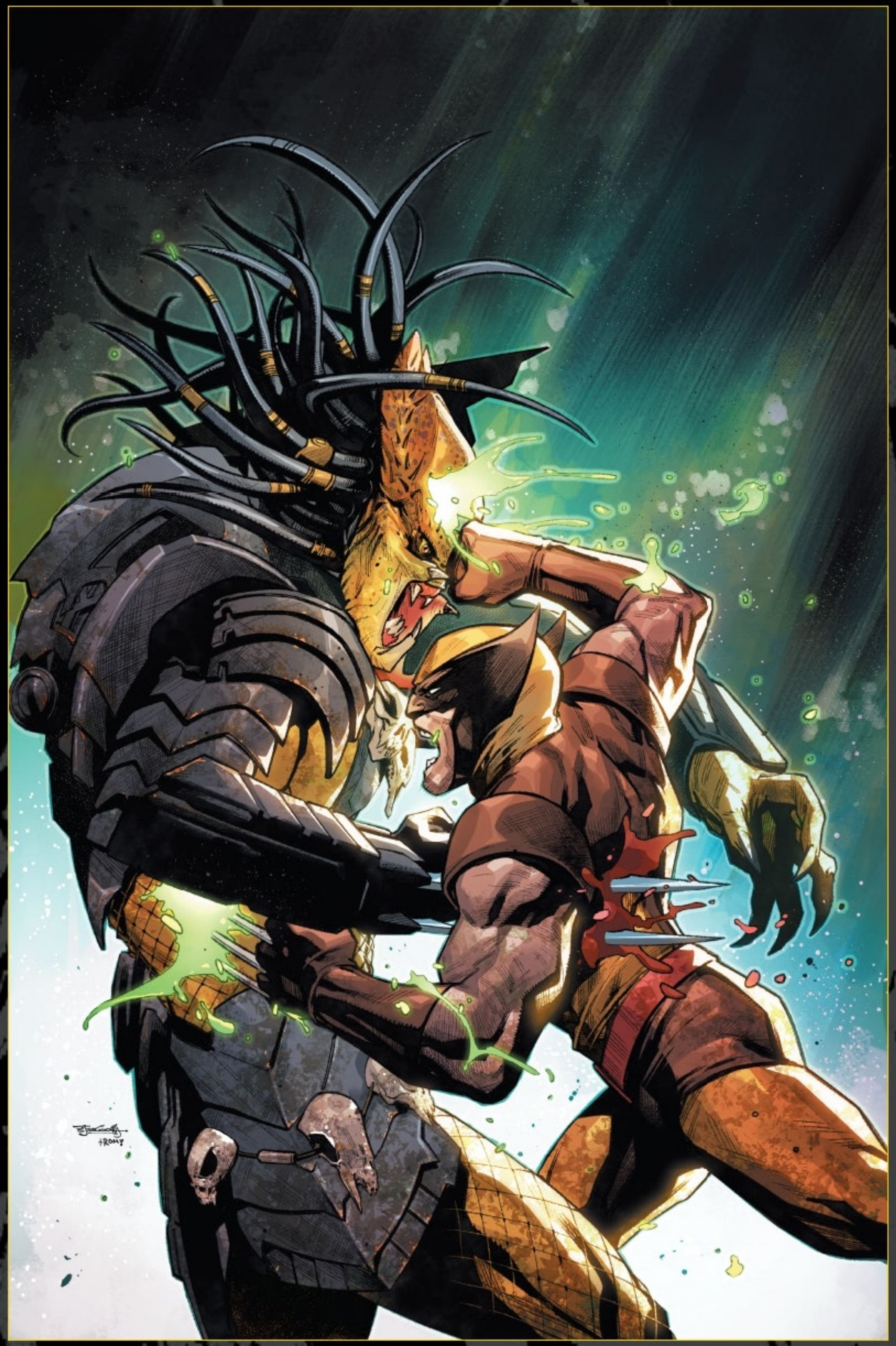

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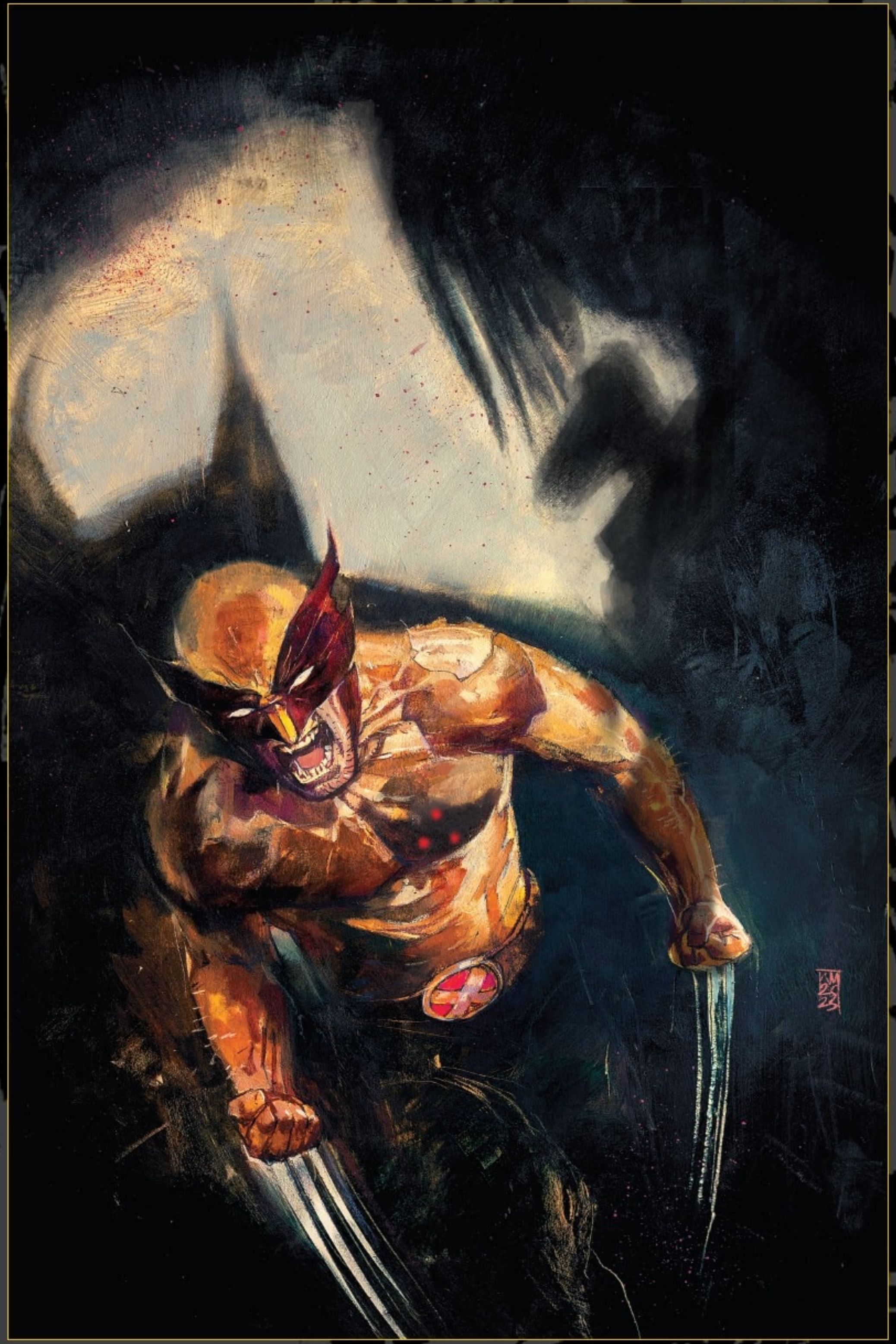

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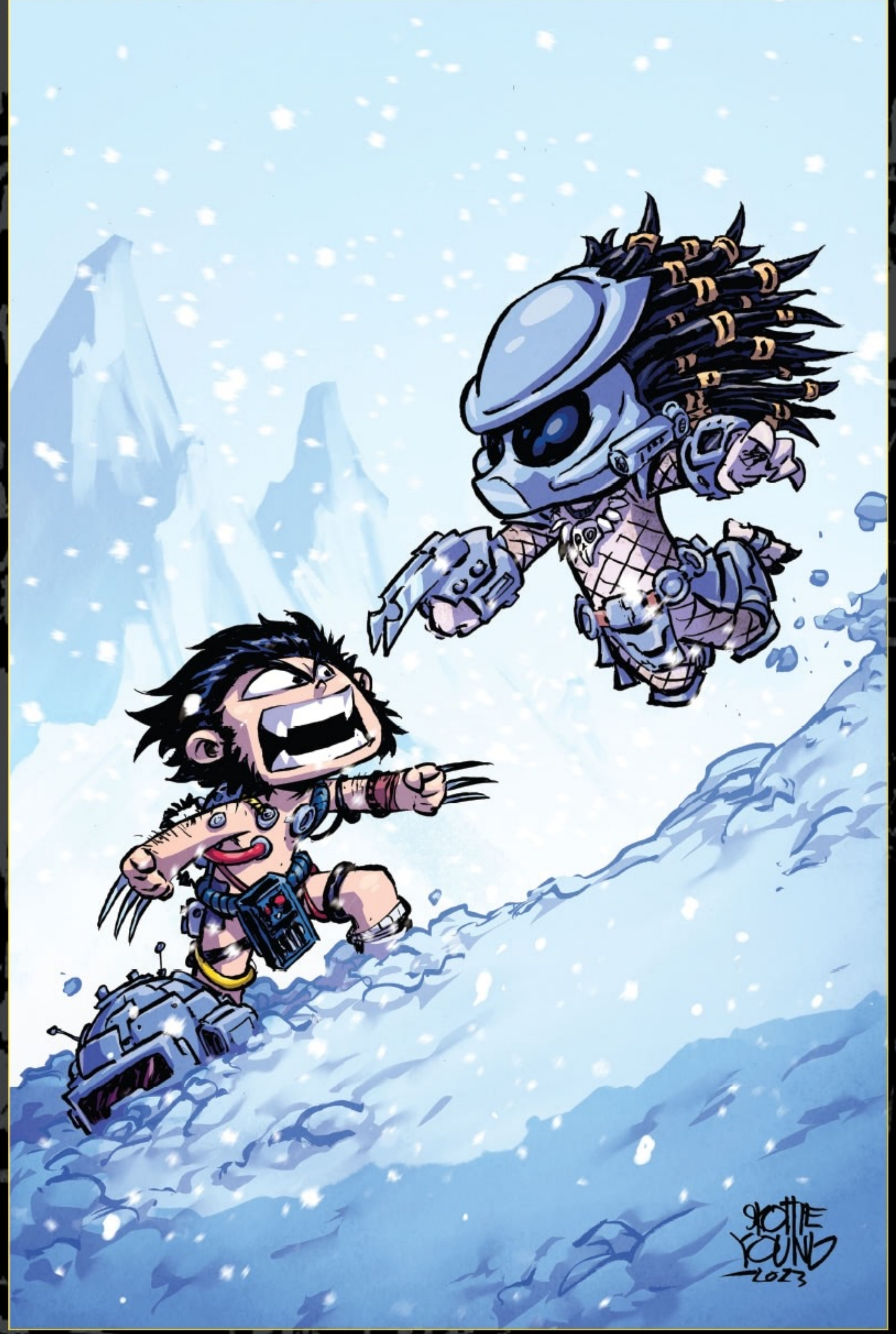

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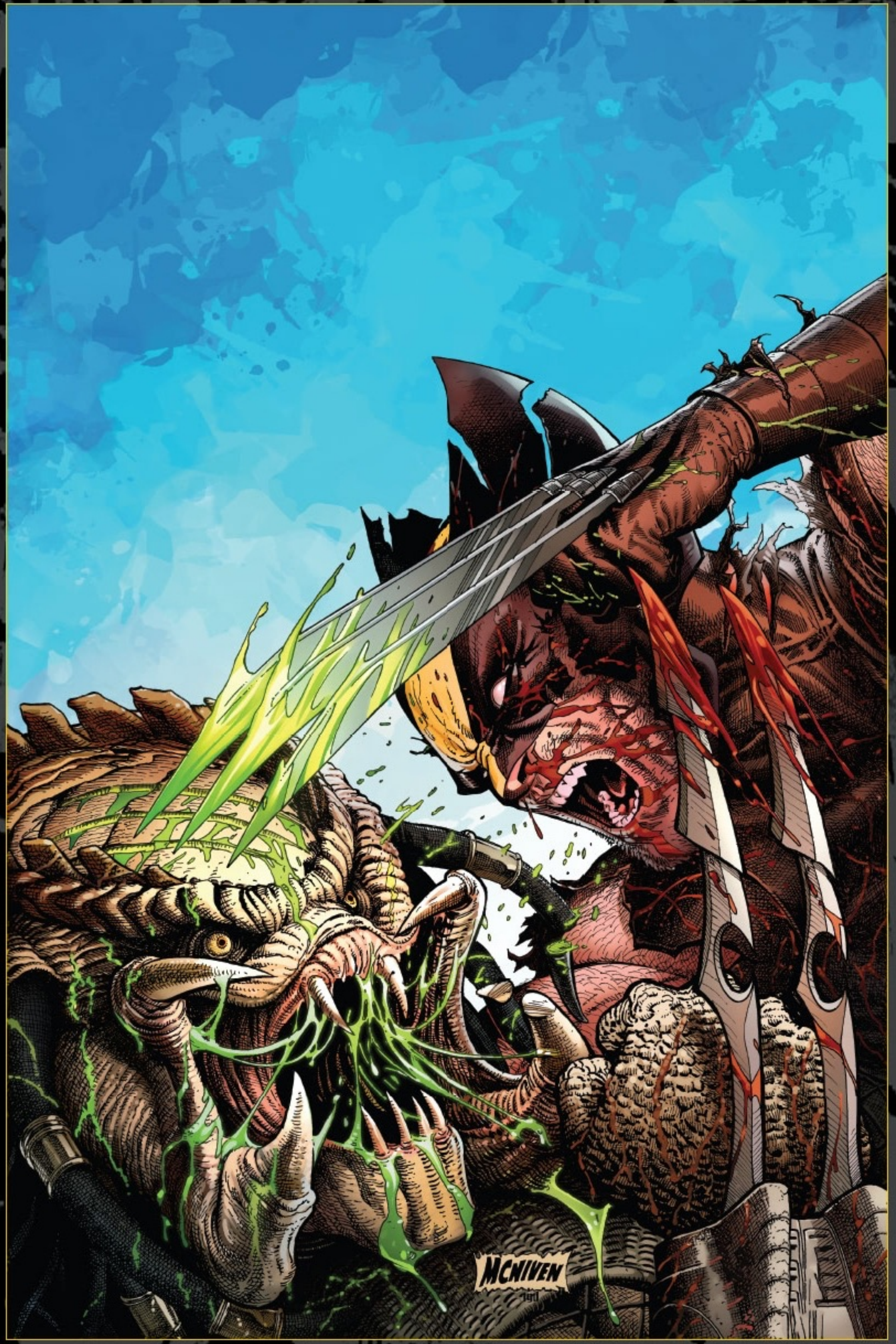

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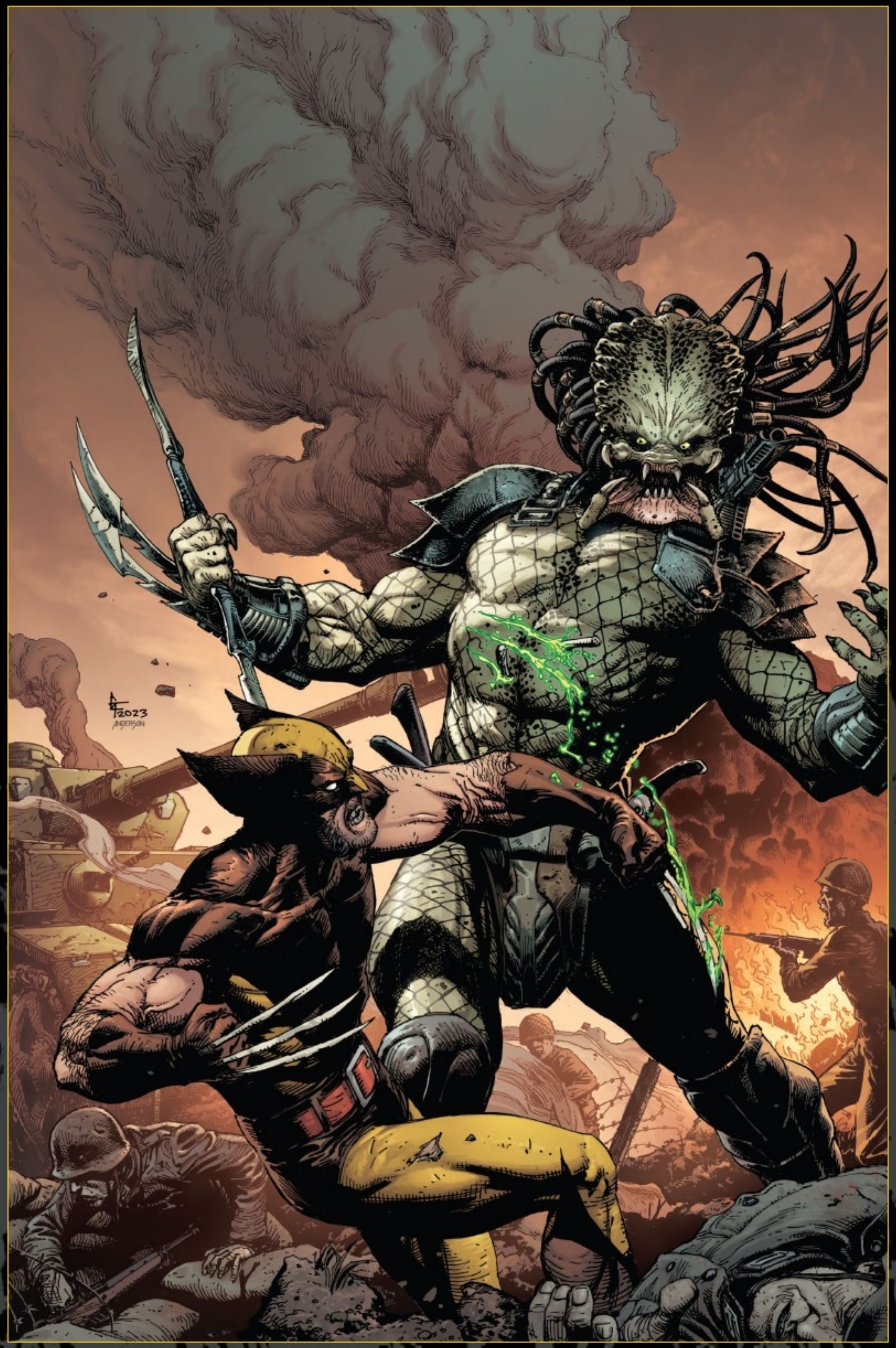

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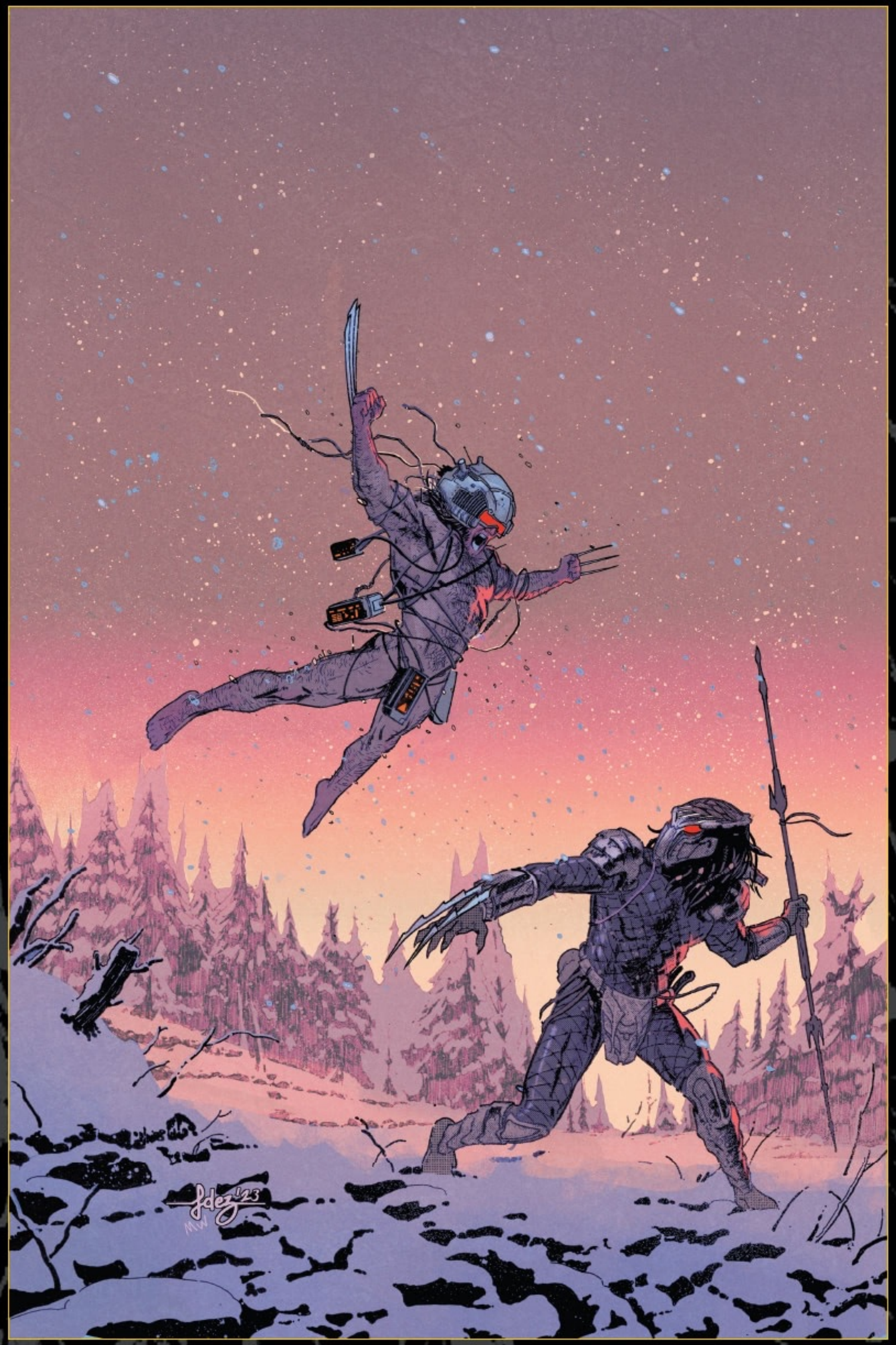

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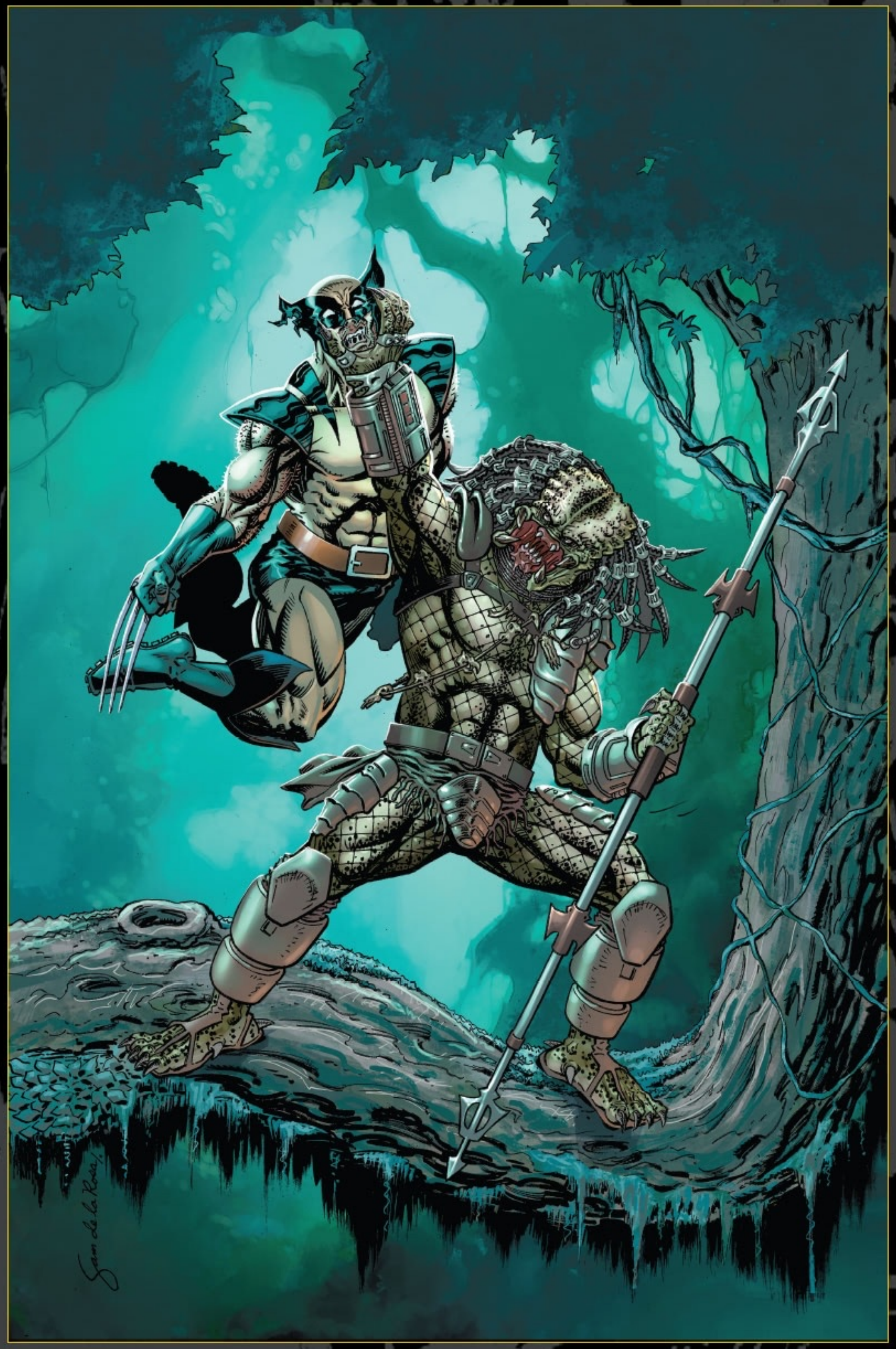

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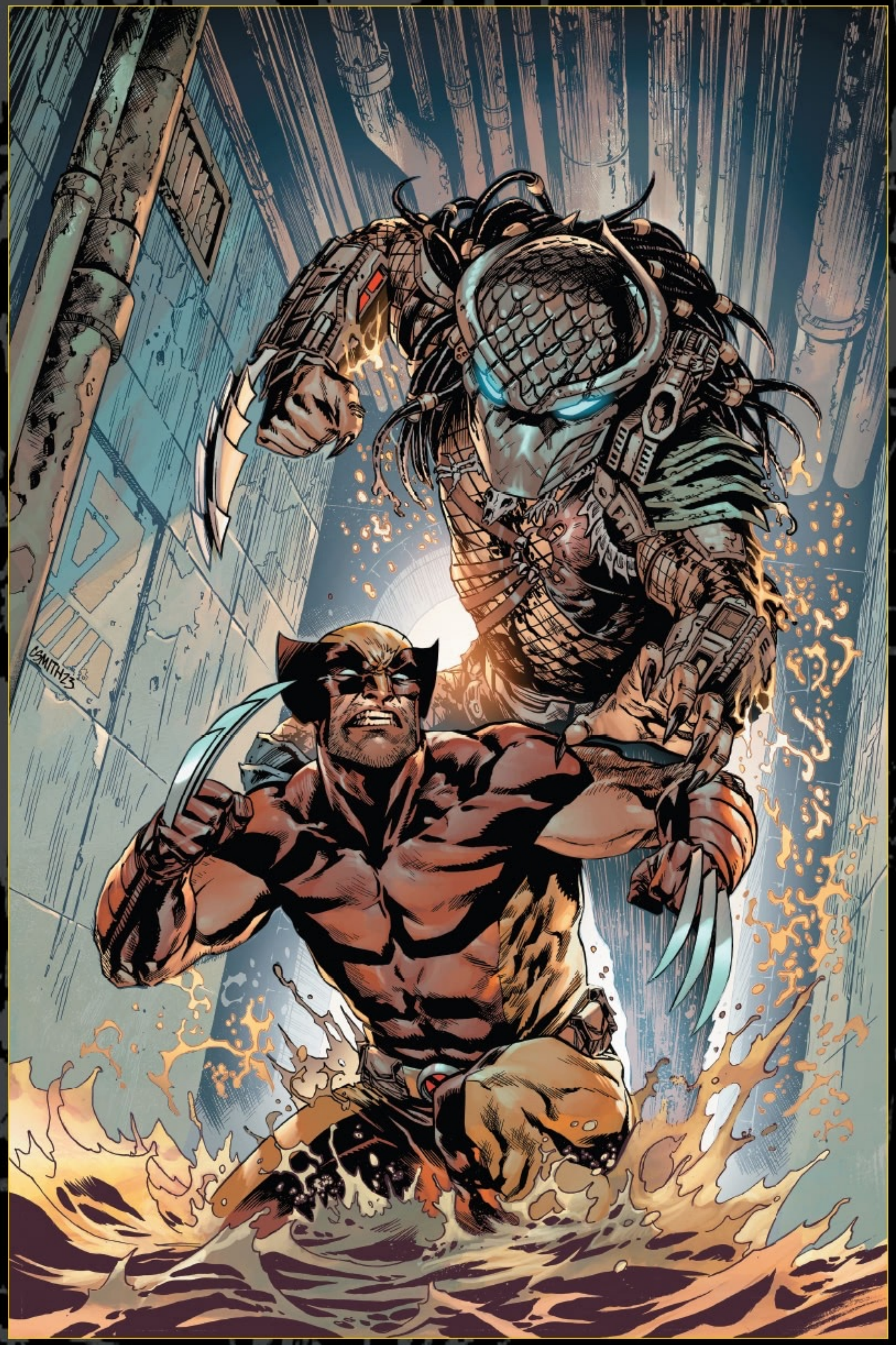

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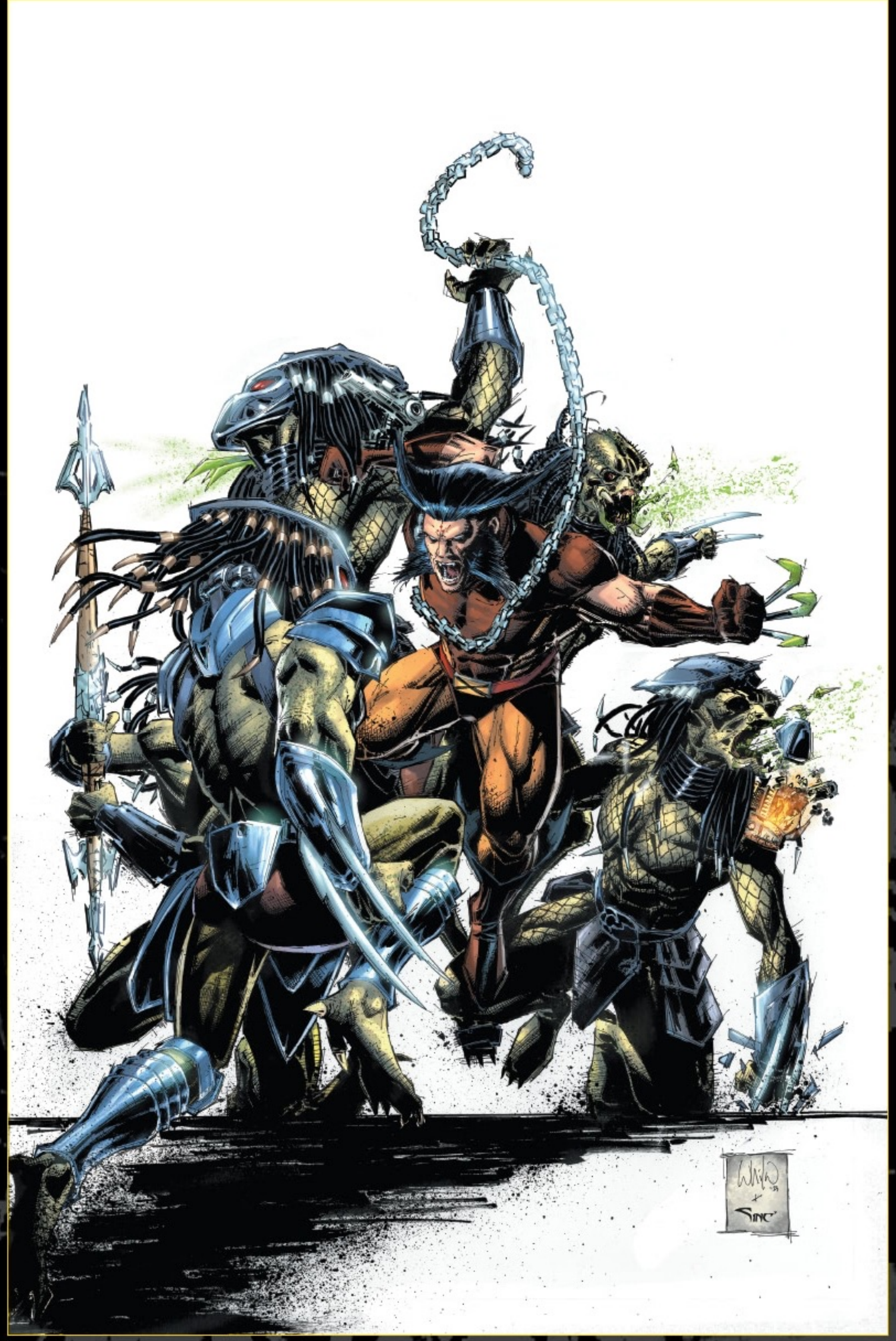

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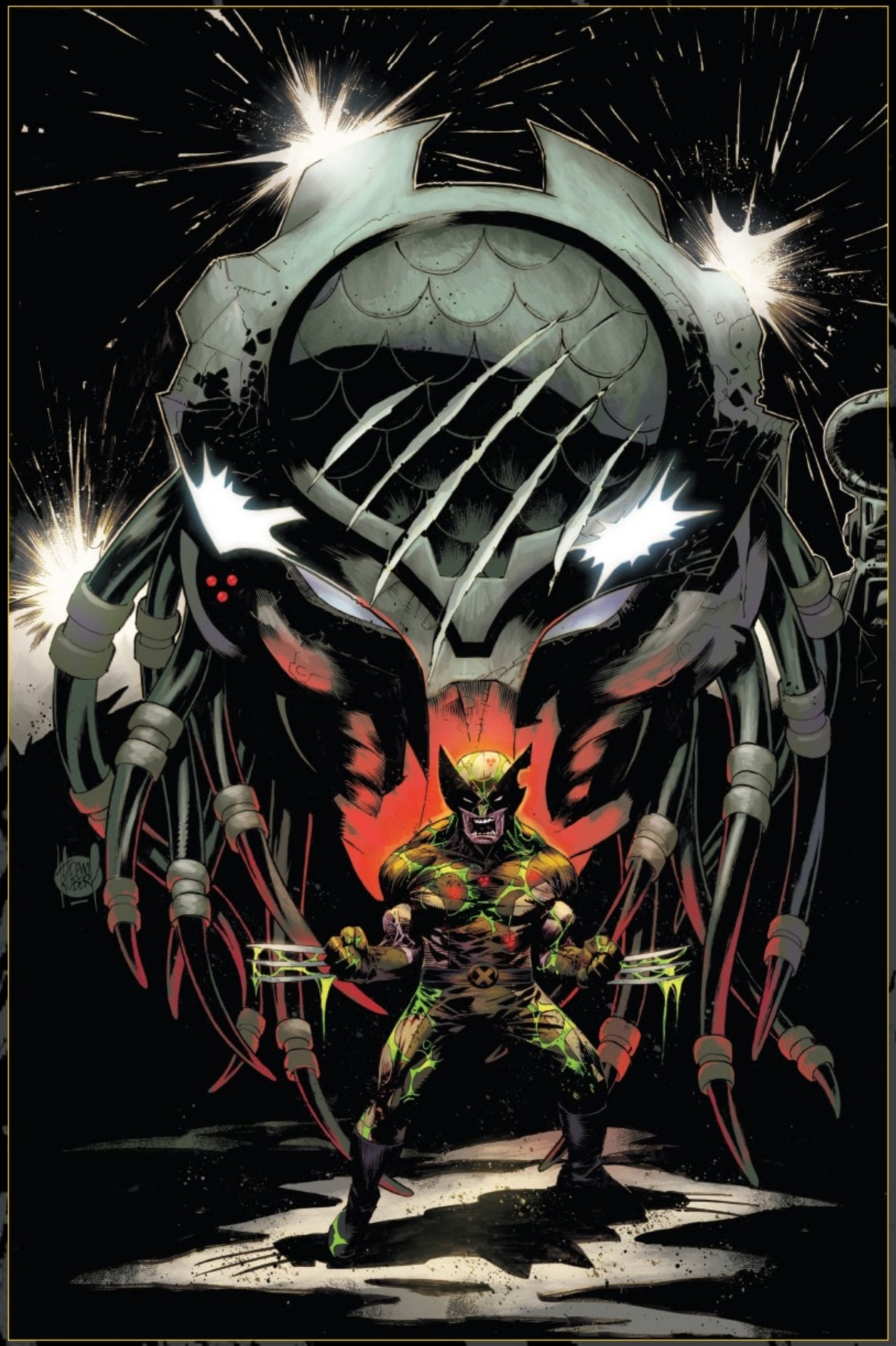

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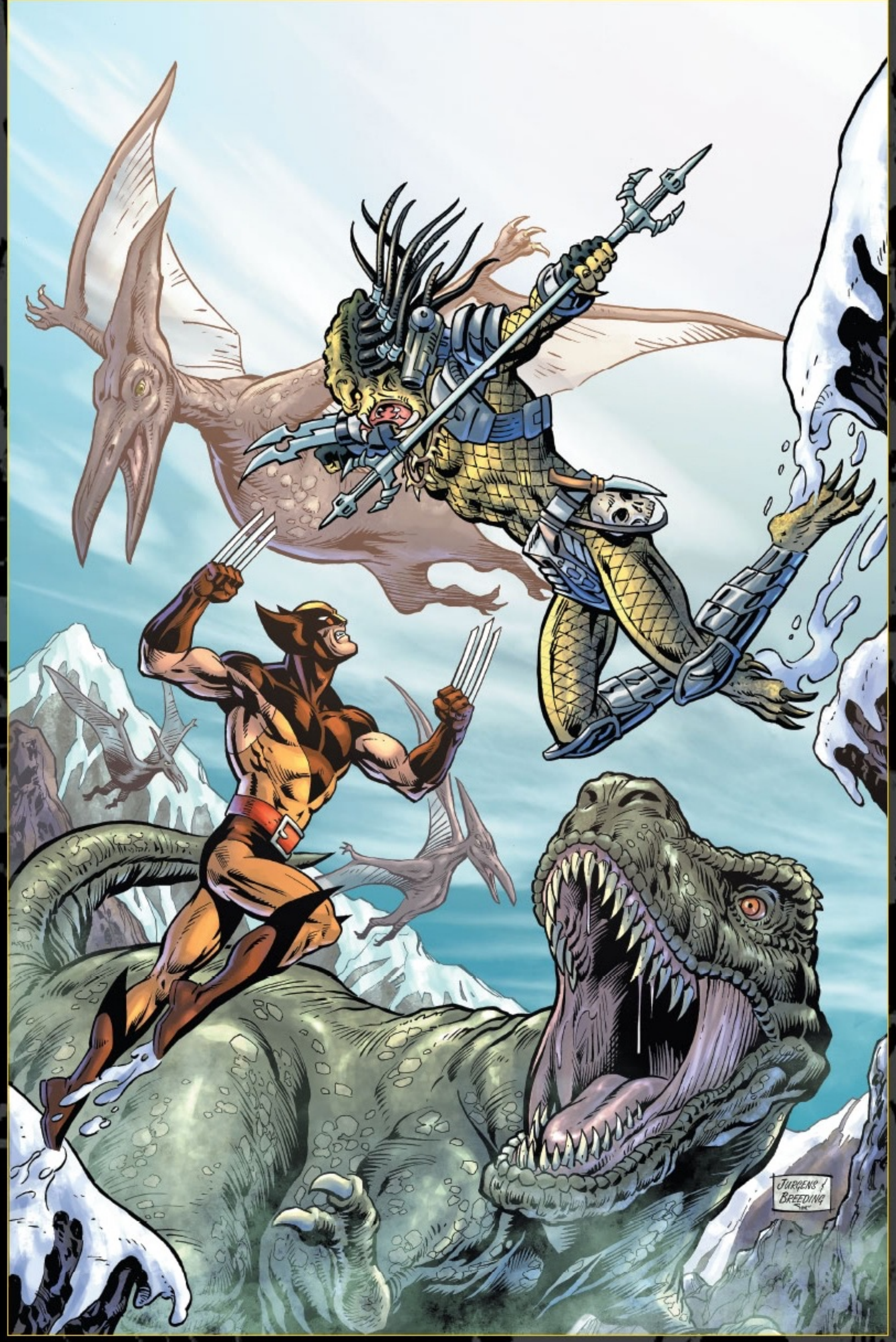

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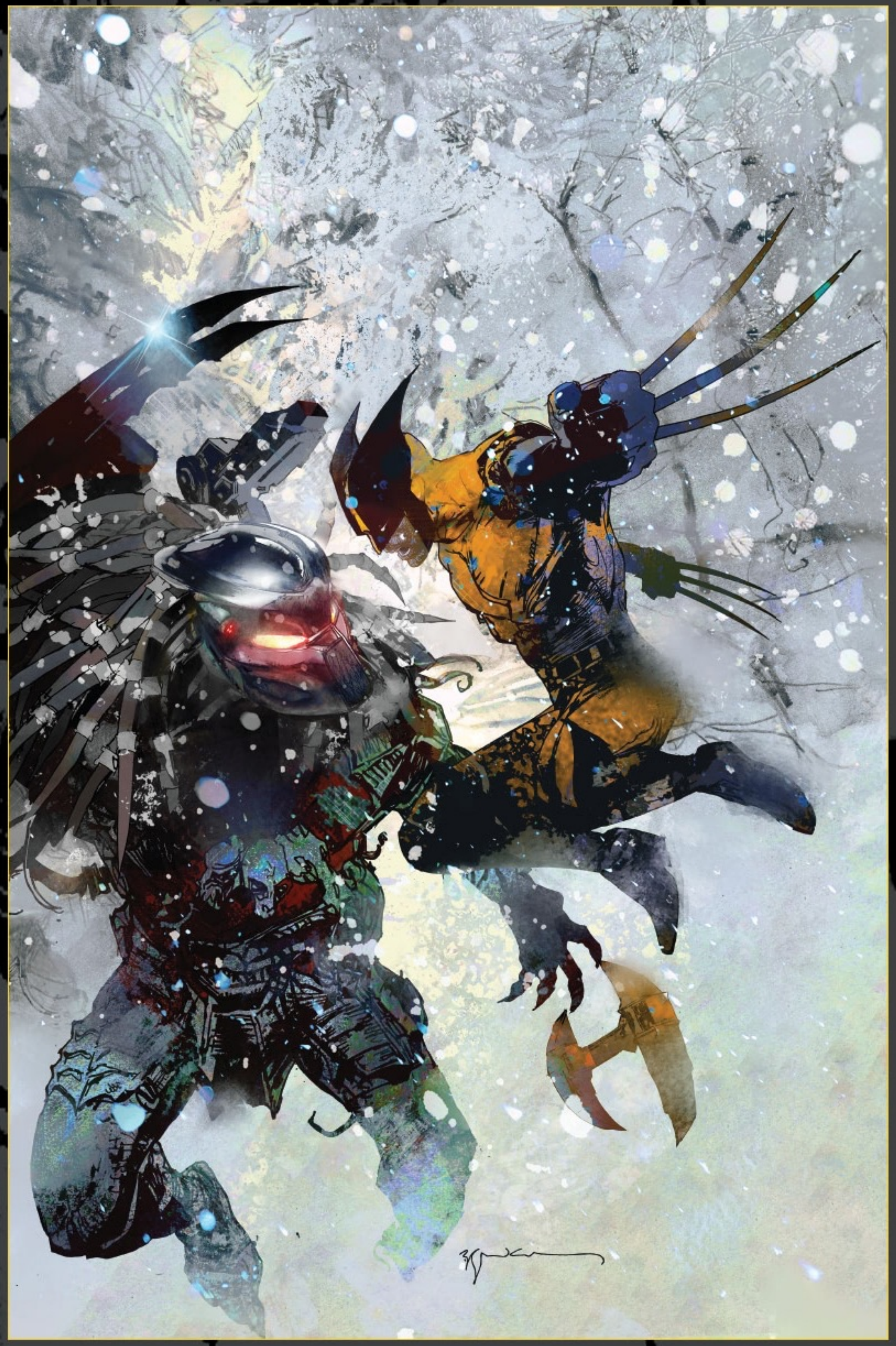

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